THE LAUREL, AND THE OLIVE:

Inſcrib'd to

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LAUREL,

AND THE

OLIVE:

A

Poem

To

George Bubb, Esq;

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON,

Printed for Egbert Sawyer at the Poll-Office at the
Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleet-Street. M DCC X.

TO THE AUTHOR.

AS when *Love's ſmiling* Queen *her Dovelets reins*
To meet her Hero, *red from* Phlægra's *Plains*;
No plaining Sigh ſhe ſlights, no bribing Tear,
But ſheds ſoft Pleaſure from her Silver Car:
Devoted Crouds her tender Sway confeſs,
And loſt in Joys, th' indulgent Goddeſs bleſs.

So when You praiſe, or pitying Beauty ſmiles,
The Hero and the Lover bleſs their Toils;
Immortal both they own with ſweet ſurprize
Your powerful Verſe, and T——'s *powerful Eyes.*

Unrival'd Charms bloom in your matchleſs Song,
Sweet as ſmooth G——th, *and bold as nervous* Y——.
So ſtrong the pleaſing Ray, ſo fierce the Fire,
You warm the Coward, and the Brave inſpire.
The earthieſt, moſt unanimated Maſs,
That ſhook Inglorious at th' Inſpiring Braſs,
Would Glory now thro Seas of Blood purſue,
And ſmile at Danger to be ſung by You.
Yet Nymphs in ſecret Pinings waſt their Bloom,
Thoughtleſs to chide their friſking Kidlins home;
Sooth'd by thy Verſe they wiſh not to be free,
But offer all their Fleecy Wealth for Thee:
For Thee the Nereids *Brackiſh Chaplets weave,*
And woo their Favourite Swain with every Wave;
Each blue-ey'd Naiad *leaves the plaining Stream,*
And perjur'd Iſis *quits her faithful* Thame.

Oh Magic Power of Verſe! Oh force of Lays!
To imitate how hard! how hard to praiſe!
Strong, as loud Whirlwinds Heaven's Artillery bear,
Yet ſoft as Gales, that wake the Flow'ry Year,
" And *Venus* ſmiles thro the grim Face of War."
I take thy Plume, to wing my humbler Flight;
For only Thou canſt praiſe, what only Thou canſt write.

As Stars, that wandring thro th' Æthereal Coaſt,
Their Beams diminiſh'd, and their Glory loſt,
At length profuſe of new-born Light return,
And the rich Sky glows from their Silver Urn.

So when revolving Years have run their Race,
Bright the ſame Fires in different Boſoms blaze:
Known by his glorious Scars, and deathleſs Lines,
Again the Hero, *and the* Poet *ſhines.*
In gentler Hariſon *ſoft* Waller *ſighs,*
And Mira *wounds with* Sachariſſa's *Eyes.*
Achilles *lives, and* Homer *ſtill delights,*
Whilſt Addiſon *records, and* Churchill *fights.*
This happy Age each Worthy ſhall renew,
And all diſſolv'd in pleaſing Wonder, view
In ANN Philippa, Chaucer *ſhine in You.*

Geo. Bubb.

THE LAUREL AND THE OLIVE.

E'ER bright *Aurora* ſtreak'd with Roſe the Eaſt,
Or glowing Clouds her purple flight confeſs'd;
While Flowers new-wak'd their ſickly Blooms diſplay,
Languiſh in Night, and chide the lingring Ray:
Me Love and ſoft-conſpiring Gales betray'd
To Sylvan Scenes, by wreathy Myrtle made;
Whoſe wanton Boughs cloſely combin'd, to caſt
Embracing Shades, which o'er me, as I paſt,
In odorous Showers their liquid Verdure ſhed,
And wept large Pearl adown my trickling Head.
Faintly thro theſe a violet-mantled Green,
Silver'd by *Cynthia*'s gliſtring Beams, was ſeen;
A dim Groteſque confin'd the wid'ning Plain,
Such as in doubtful Shades light Pencils feign:
Grey Clouds with dusky Wing skim'd o'er the Field,
And blended Glooms embrown'd the motley Wild,
Mountains and Rocks in dun Confuſion roſe,
And Wooddy Horrors wav'd in broken Views.

Sooth'd with the Murmurs of the ſounding Grove,
Where bickering Winds in wanton Combats ſtrove,
Beneath an Idol Oak I ſought repoſe,
That ſtretch'd aloft his conſecrated Boughs;

The ſubject Wood his hoary Pride o'er-ſpread,
And Clouds in awful Night involv'd his Head.

Such was the Glade, where CHAUCER ſlumb'ring lay,
And ſaw the ſprightly Elves by Moon-light play;
Here mimic Fancy ſpread her gorgeous Train,
Unbody'd Hoſts charg'd o'er the ſhadowy Plain,
And viſionary Knights for myſtic Nymphs were ſlain.

Emilia hence inflames the Youth to come,
And only *Emma* boaſts more CHURCHIL Bloom.

In fabled Shades, like theſe, the tuneful Quire
Reward thoſe Labours, which themſelves inſpire;
Wreath flow'ry Braids to deck the warbling Crew,
Flaccus much-lov'd, and Favourite MOUNTAGUE.

In ſuch pale Grots the *Sybill* learnt to rave,
Such the prophetic Shade, and dreary Cave;
So lofty-ſolemn, yet ſo ſoft the Strain,
It mock'd attempting Bards, that ſung in vain:
Till ADDISON once more the Trumpet try'd,
That long unheard its Silver Blaſt deny'd;
But now in louder Peals it Silence broke,
Knew its own MARO, and for MARLBRO' ſpoke.

Fir'd by the Thought, I ſaw with ſweet Surprize
In ſhining Scenes tumultuous Glories riſe,
Immortal Triumphs throng'd in Laurel dreſt,
And the whole Heroe heav'd my panting Breaſt.
When lo! the diſtant Foreſt ſeem'd to flame,
And glittering Troops from gloomy Coverts came;
In ſullen Pomp the ſalvage Victors ride,
And banner'd Nations cloud their purple Pride:
For Rapine all, and lawleſs Spoil renown'd,
Each Tyrant Brow the raviſh'd LAUREL bound.

Old *Ninus*, Parent of unweildy War,
With Lordly Port bestrides his Iron Car;
A Lion's tawny Spoils his Shoulder grace,
And ever near him hangs his knotty Mace.
That rugged Hand first form'd the wastful Sword,
And unyok'd Nations taught to own a Lord.

Behind, his *Warriour Queen* was to behold,
On brazen Wheels her jarring Axle roll'd,
And untam'd Panthers champ'd the foamy Gold.
Fast in This Hand the purple Rein she held,
This grasp'd the trembling Spear, and pourtray'd Shield;
Bright Steel in shining Folds engirt her Breast,
And plumy Horrors nodded from her Crest:
In wavy Ringlets flow'd th' unbraided Hair,
And *Venus* smil'd thro the grim Face of War.

Xerxes in Eastern Gold came tow'ring on,
The ruby'd Steel o'er his rich Mantle shon:
With one stern Frown he seem'd to curb the Seas,
And fondly meditated Chains for *Greece*.

Young *Ammon* next in dazzling Armour burn'd,
From vanquish'd *India* such the *Greek* return'd;
O'er prostrate Thrones with Barbarous Triumph rode,
In uncouth Gambols fawning Leopards paw'd,
And *JOVE* in Thunders claim'd his Kindred God.

Here lawless Crowds in loud Disorder shout,
And low'ring *Alaric* led the salvage Rout:
No gentler Look that stormy Feature knew,
But Frowns perpetual knit his shaggy Brow;
Unchang'd by Matrons Cries, or Virgins Prayer,
His grisly Cheek ne'er felt one pitying Tear.

Next greedy *Cortez*, red with reeking Gore,
Inglorious Thefts, and ſordid Trophies bore;
The ruddy Glebe he ſpoil'd, and wealthy Plains,
And trac'd the mazy Gold thro winding Veins:
The *Miner* late confeſs'd his guilty Store,
And ſtretch'd in Tortures, curs'd th' ill-hoarded Ore.

Thick preſs'd the Chiefs behind in glitt'ring Throngs,
Their much-fear'd Names unſung, unwept their Wrongs.

Faſt by, where ſwift a rolling Torrent flows,
A *Parian* Dome on brazen Pillars roſe;
With Scorn it *Rome*'s fam'd *Capitol* out-vy'd,
And gorgeous TRIUMPH own'd its tow'ry Pride.
Hither the deathleſs Sons of Fame reſort,
And beamy *Glories* form their ſhining Court:
The God diſtributes here th' immortal Crown,
The juſt Reward by Vertuous *Conqueſts* won;
But from a far forbids th' unhallow'd Train,
Whoſe impious Brow the injur'd Wreaths diſdain:
Fiercely beneath the threat'ning Surges roar,
And angry *Tritons* arm the guarded Shoar.

High on the Bank in mad deſpair they ſtood,
And long intent the myſtic Wonders view'd.
Here Columns glar'd with new-fought Battels red,
And ſlaughter'd Crouds in reeking Metal bled;
Aſpiring Tow'rs the greedy Flame defac'd,
And ſtern Debate laid fertile Regions waſt:
On every ſide enwreath'd, the Crimſon Draught
Gleam'd with the Ruins which themſelves had wrought.

Here clatt'ring Tempeſts freeze unfruitful *Thrace*,
(Perpetual Winters cloud the rugged Braſs)
Colds undiſturb'd deform the hoary Plain,
And ſtruggling *Hebre* drags his Icy Chain,

Grey *Ismar* ſhakes beneath eternal Snow,
And leafleſs Foreſts load his rocky Brow:
Deſcending from his Top, in ſhaggy Pride,
The pourtray'd Legions crowd his ſheltring Side.

A well-wrought Pillar ſultry *Afric* bore,
Uncloath'd her thirſty Plains, and red her Shore:
Her ſwarthy Bands to ſcanty Coverts run,
Gape wide for cheering Show'rs, and curſe the Sun;
Stretch'd on the burning Sands their Arms forego,
And gaſp their fiery Souls, nor need a Foe.

THEY *Gallia* next with greedy Eye beheld,
Her luſcious Fig and purple Vintage ſwell'd,
Ruddy the Grape thro curling Tendrils glow'd;
The cluſter'd Column ſcarce ſuſtain'd the Load.
Lo! there the Ambuſh'd *Gauls* (a faithleſs Name!)
From treacherous *Loire* thro winding Vallies came.
Oft in leagu'd Perfidy their Chain they broke,
And oft their *Conqueror* fixt the doubtful Yoke.
Wily the Race, and falſe the Nation now,
Fatal their plighted Faith, unſafe their Vow;
And *Cæſar*'s Lawrels thrive on CHURCHIL's Brow.

NEXT ſaw they, ſcarce advanc'd by lab'ring Gales,
Invading *Spain* unfurl her Silver Sails;
Unnumber'd Keels the burniſh'd Billows plough'd,
Beneath the floating Towers old Ocean bow'd.
Xerxes aghaſt the ſcatter'd War ſurvey'd,
Such his pale Hoſts from threatning *Athens* fled.
The diſtant Shores *Heſperian* Treaſures deck,
And riſing Tempeſts drive the glitt'ring Wreck.
Lo! yonder drooping *Tagus* ſeem'd to mourn,
Penſive he lean'd on his inverted Urn,
Op'ning his ſhiny Caves, and yellow Bed,
Wide to th' inglorious Rout his Oozy Boſom ſpread.
Precipitate they ſcud thro friendly Night,
The *Victor Navy* urg'd th' unweildy Flight.

Triumphant ſtill o'er Subject Seas it reigns,
Neptune his brackiſh Scepter pleas'd reſigns,
And *Drake* improv'd in greater ORFORD ſhines.

Such various Scenes with myſtic Ruin fraught,
On breathing Braſs the skilful Artiſt wrought.

High o'er the Dome a marbl'd *Cup'lo* ſtood,
Proudly its vaulted Orb o'erlookt the Wood:
O'er the vaſt Round bold Gorgon Shapes were hewn,
Rough with large Sculpture frown'd the threatning Stone.

Here tow'ring *Pride* the trampl'd Arch emboſs'd,
High to the Clouds her lifted Brow ſhe toſs'd,
Glancing askaunt on tott'ring Thrones ſhe ſtood,
And all the nether ſpace ſpurn'd Scepters ſtrew'd.
At her Right-Hand *Diſdain* (her Darling) ſat,
Revenge beneath, and *Strife*, and ſcowling *Hate*;
Heart-pining *Envy* ſlily skulk'd behind,
With ſullen Scoff the ſpiteful Figure grin'd;
Vain *Joys* about her mov'd in airy Dreſs,
And boaſtful *Flatteries* promis'd long Succeſs.

Oppos'd to theſe they ſaw grim *Slaughter* plac'd,
In wrathful Guiſe his grinding Teeth he claſh'd,
Red Rage, and gloomy Fire his rolling Eye-ball flaſh'd;
With Giant Step thro reeking Heaps he ſtrode,
O'er his ſmear'd Cuiſhes guſh'd a Purple Flood,
Wide-rent his Garment, on each tatter'd Fold
The bleeding Loom ſome Scarlet Record told:
On this enwrought the hoary *Senate* bled,
Fell *Marius* here revenging *Sylla* fled.
Unhappy *Rome* her Kindred Carnage fill'd,
With ſtreaming Gore diſcolour'd *Tyber* ſwell'd.
Lutetia all his ample Boſom ſpread,
Her marble Pavements reek'd with weltring Dead.
In martyr'd Crouds devoted Victims fell
(Piteous the rugged Sculpture ſeem'd to yell)

Her ſworded Prieſts, from unprotecting Dens,
Remorſeleſs drag the ſhrieking Innocence.
Diſmay ſtalks horrible thro widow'd Streets,
And ghaſtly *Dread* on guilty Temples ſits.

Indignant all the Victor *Gown* confeſs,
And bluſh to ſee their puny Miſchiefs leſs.

Faintly her drooping Limbs pale *Famine* rear'd,
With dead, dull Eye the meagre Spectre ſtar'd:
Such as in blaſted *Egypt* long ſhe reign'd;
The foodful Fields, and yellow Harveſt pin'd,
No loaded Bough the fainting Swain ſupply'd,
In ſickly Shades the lowing Heifer died,
And thrifty *Nile* reſtrain'd his fatning Tide.

Hewn from the inmoſt Bowels of the Rock,
Stern *Tyranny* her rugged Scepter ſhook;
Graſp'd in her Hand the ſtruggling Scorpions hiſs'd,
A Vulture ſat on her revengeful Breaſt,
Her trampling Feet a ſcaly *Hydra* preſs'd:
The riſing Monſter rag'd with fell Diſdain,
And wreath'd in pois'nous Folds her Rebel Train.

Lofty above the Pile, with ſullen Gloom,
Grim *Deſolation* ſadden'd all the Dome;
Blew Flames, that round his Temples ſeem'd to blaze,
Adorn'd the griſly Terrors of his Face.
One ſingle Look laid proudeſt Citys low,
And widow'd Regions groan'd his blaſting Brow.

The laurel'd Heroes felt their Rage renew'd,
And Antique Wars in every Boſom glow'd;
Their Crimes they ſee, in living Sculpture wrought,
With Savage Joy, and act them o'er in Thought.

Whilſt from the ſteepy Bank the Pile they view'd,
On fleecy Wings deſcends a radiant Cloud:
Where e'er its golden Train in Skirts it ſpread,
Freſh Blooms, and ſudden Spring enflowr'd the Mead.

Betwixt its Cryſtal Spaces, ſoft reclin'd
A Godlike Band in peaceful Triumph ſhin'd;
Their deathleſs Brow a willing OLIVE grac'd,
Its humbler Wreath the warlike Palm embrac'd.
Iris above her various Arch diſplays,
The blended Beams in fleeting Colours blaze.

Good *Cyrus* gorgeous ſhon in rich Attire,
Lively his ſparkling Eyes ſhot pleaſing Fire,
Propitious ſtill invoking Nations bleſs'd,
Still his paſt Triumphs fill'd his glowing Breaſt,
And his lov'd *Perſians* ſtill his tendreſt Thoughts poſſeſs'd.

There ſedate *Scipio* ſoftly lay reclin'd,
The gentle *Lælius* on his Boſom lean'd,
That ſingle Arm his tott'ring *Rome* ſecur'd,
And haughty *Carthage* felt his vengeful Sword.

Alcides next on vanquiſh'd Monſters trode,
The ſuppliant Nations own'd their Guardian God.
At length in pleaſing Thought repos'd he ſmiles,
And ever-blooming *Hebe* crowns his Toils;
Soft on her ſnowy Breaſt her Hero lies,
Faſt fix'd on hers, he feeds his wiſhing Eyes,
Impatient of the Bliſs, and loſt in Joys.

Thron'd in a Cloud, Immortal ſhon NASSAU,
His gentleſt Nod gave liſt'ning *Europe* Awe.
Let others, pleas'd their Country to enflame,
High on her bleeding Ruins raiſe their Fame:
To Thee belongs to ſet yok'd Nations free,
And reſcu'd *Albion* lifts her Hands to Thee:
Propitious hear thy grateful People's Praiſe,
And long, Oh! long thy Favourite *Britain* bleſs.

Fir'd with the Sight, and eager to engage,
Envious the Heroes of the Laurel rage,
Fierce burn'd Diſdain, and all with conſcious Pride
Gnaſh'd horrible, and curs'd th' oppoſing Tide;

They

They ruſh'd impatient, hurry'd by Deſpair,
And foamy Waves engulph'd their plunging War.
Sudden a Storm the raſh Attempt withſtood,
Thick-darted Lightnings flaſh'd from every Cloud,
And *Jove* indignant beſtow'd o'er the Flood.

Now in her Silver Wain return'd the Moon,
The ſmiling Skies with milder Purple ſhon,
In murmuring Rills the plaining Billows fell,
And watry Nymphs new-touch'd their vocal Shell.

The wrathleſs Warriours, in an Oliv'd Crowd,
Ent'ring the Dome, on jaſper'd Pavements trod
Smiling Content within, and bliſsful Joys,
Sprightly in artful Shades, ſalute their Eyes.
In painted Combats proud Oppreſſors fall,
And happy Conqueſts croud the ſhouting Wall.
In every ſparkling Look ſoft Pleaſure glow'd,
And reſcu'd Countrys told their Joys aloud.

Here rough *Themiſtocles* triumphant rode,
His flow'ry Way the timbrel'd Virgins ſtrew'd.
In poliſh'd Stone *Minerva's* Temple roſe;
Her Fav'rite People pleas'd the Goddeſs views:
Chaſt Matrons in ſoft Pomp her Shrines invoke,
And od'rous Clouds from crouded Altars ſmoke.

Lo! from the broken Arch bold *Cocles* bounds,
Cover'd with glorious Duſt, and unfelt Wounds:
Tyber amaz'd up-rear'd his ſedgy Head,
And ſoft beneath his ſheltring Billows ſpread;
With wondring Rage *Porſenna* ſeem'd to rave,
The bearded Deaths ſhowr'd thick, and hid the Wave.
High from her Towers immortal *Rome* look'd down,
Pleas'd with the Deed, and own'd her braveſt Son.

Returning *Perſeus*, gay with crimſon Gore,
Aloft the Monſter's ſcaly Trophies bore;
Swift as the Wings of Love the Victor flies,
With eager Joy, to free the beauteous Prize;

In fond diſmay the reſcu'd Victim ſhook,
Still ſeem'd to weep, nor felt her Fetters broke.

Here Civil Strifes in diſtant *Grouppes* appear'd,
In doubtful Fields the Rival *Roſes* jarr'd;
Unſettled Monarchs here alternate bled,
And wavering Subjects ſhort-liv'd Homage paid.
In laſting Pleaſures here long Diſcords ceaſe,
And *Henry* weds the beauteous Pledge of Peace.
Soft-hov'ring Loves, high o'er the ſmiling Pair,
A peaceful Wreath of blended Roſes bear.

High o'er the golden-fretted Roof diſplay'd,
Sweet-ſmiling *Peace* diffuſive Bleſſings ſhed.
Around her *Mirth*, and careleſs *Quiet* lay;
Wrathleſs the prouling Wolf forgot to prey;
The fleecy Flocks unguarded ſeem'd to bleat,
Secure the Swain beneath his Olive ſat,
And ruddy Maids each Mead in artleſs Meaſures beat.
Far off grim *Danger* hid his low'ring Face,
On bloody Spoils faſt bound in ſolid Braſs;
With ſullen Shame the Monſter rag'd in vain,
Felly he grinn'd, and ſtruggling gnaw'd his Chain.

Victʼry above wide ſtretch'd her Guardian Wing;
Where'er ſhe ſmil'd, high bloom'd a Laurel'd Spring:
The grateful Nations lofty *Pæans* ſung,
And every *Muſe* her Silver Timbrel ſtrung.

Propitious *Union* next the Heroes view'd;
A *Ceſtos* round her Breaſt Love-kindling glow'd;
The well-knit *Graces* wanton'd in her Train,
And willing *Hymen* own'd her gentle Reign.
There friendly *Kingdoms* her mild Power confeſs'd,
And *Albion* here her laviſh'd Bounties bleſs'd.
In pleaſing Thought the ſmiling Goddeſs ſtood,
And ſeem'd to ſhare the Bleſſings ſhe beſtow'd.

Next *Liberty* the well-taught Pencil drew,
Lofty her Look, and ſmooth her ample Brow.

Here *Brutus* ſtood, red from the duſty Field,
His lifted Arm the reeking Dagger held,
His Breaſt with Fury more than Mortal glow'd;
There gloomy *Tarquin* fled the madding Croud.
The great Revenge ſooth'd the much-injur'd *Shade*,
And *Rome* once more up-rear'd her Tow'ry Head.
With Rage Divine the Goddeſs ſeem'd to ſmile,
Pleas'd with the bold Attempt, and crown'd his Toil.

Gay *Plenty*, leaning on a flow'ry Bed,
Soft o'er the Roof her yellow Mantle ſpread:
Warm *Showers* about her play, the Violet ſprings,
And purple *Zephyrs* clap their broody Wings.
Wide-ſtretch'd beneath, her lov'd *Britannia* lies,
The ſwelling Fruit her ruddy Boſom dyes;
Their wavy Gold her bending Harveſts ſhake,
And ſtreaky Balls glow on each bluſhing Brake.
The raviſh'd Swain, with pleaſing Wonder dumb,
Sees untill'd Vallies ſmile, and Mountains bloom;
And whilſt o'er red'ning Wilds ſurpriz'd he ſtrays,
The ſudden Roſe his heedleſs Foot-ſteps preſs.

The Victor Crew, their warlike Rage allay'd,
With ſoften'd Brow the ſmiling Scenes ſurvey'd;
Sooth'd with the Bleſſings, which their Arms beſtow,
Forgot the lifted Steel, and twanging Yew.

When lo! in golden Floods a fiery Ray
Shot thro' the glitt'ring Pile tumultuous Day:
The ſhaken Temple felt th' approaching God,
And lowly all its painted Honours bow'd:
Bright glow'd his Mantle, drunk with *Tyrian* Dye,
And dazzling Glories arm'd his pointed Eye;
High in his Hand freſh-blooming Wreaths he ſhook,
And big with mighty Thought his wondring Gueſts beſpoke.

(Each liſtning Wind an awful Silence paid,
The tender Palm unruffled bent her Head,
And ev'ry Flower ſecure its od'rous Treaſure ſpread.)

" All hail Illuſtrious *Shades!* whoſe Triumphs paſt
In brighter Glories here unenvy'd laſt:
No raviſh'd Laurels forc'd Renown beſtow,
But each ambitious Garland courts your Brow.
From haughty *Rome*, and fabl'd *Grecian* Soil,
You viſit, pleas'd, *Britannia's* Rival Iſle;
Each quits the well-fought Field, or conſcious Stream,
Rais'd by his glorious Toils to deathleſs Fame;
And proud in mightier MARLBRO's Name to join,
Forgets fam'd *Granic*, and the greater *Boyne*.
That Arm alone can ANNA's Thunder wield,
While ſhudd'ring Nations croud behind her Shield.
For her embattled Gods loud Terrors bear,
To cruſh Oppreſſors, and chaſtize with War:
For her the brazen Sound of War ſhall ceaſe,
And ſtern *Bellona* ſmile at wanton Peace.
Safe Quiet long ſhall bleſs her Halcyon Reign,
E'en Poverty and Grief no more complain,
But harmleſs Pleaſures people every Plain.
Lutetia's Fanes th' inglorious Spoil reſign,
And flow'ry *Thames* out-vies her Rival *Seine*;
Imperious *Nile* his fruitful Pride diſclaims,
And humbl'd *Ganges* flows in leſſen'd Streams.
Her powerful Sway old *Ocean* proud ſhall own;
No threatning Stars with gloomy Malice frown,
But all her Kindred Gods look ſmiling down.
E'er thrice the waining Moon" ——The reſt unſung,
Still on his fleeting Lip unfiniſh'd hung;
When *Phœbus* ſwift up-rear'd his beamy Head,
And all diſſolv'd in Day the golden Phantoms fled.

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FINIS.